AN OVLD FACIONED LOVE.

Or a loue of the Ould facion.

By I. T. gent.

[THOMAS WATSON]

AT LONDON
Printed by P. S. for *William Mattes*, dwelling in fleetſtrete at the ſigne of the hand and plough.
1594.

AN OVID PARAPHRASED

LOVE.

Or a Paraphrase on Ovid de Arte.

SION COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Printed by P. S. for William Martyn, dwelling in Fleet-street at the Signe of the Hand and Plough.

1594.

To the Worshipfull and my *ſingular good friend miſtres* Anne Robertes.

I Do not (good Miſtres Roberts) preſent theſe papers vnto you as either worthy of your viewe and grauitie, or any way anſwerable to the leaſt part of your great courteſies, but being many waies highlie bounden, I haue ſought by ſuch meanes (as vnable ſtudents are wonte) to performe to you as to my good Patroneſſe, ſome ſhewe of gratitude by my pen, which I am not able to expreſſe in

any other meete furniture of fortune. Accept therefore I praie you, not so much the value which is of no worth, as the mind of him who carieth you in all due & reuerent estimatiõ. And so beseeching God to yeeld you all the effect of your vertuous desire, I humblie take my leaue.

Yours in all due affection and commaundement.

I. T.

To the courtious and friendlie.

AFter many cunning and well penned poems, you may parhaps maruell (gentlemen) what follie, or rather furie should draw mee to diuulge this poore paſtorall conceipte: The truth is, that peruſing (at idle howers) the author of Amintas ioyes, I found it in latine, a paſſion much anſwerable to my purpoſe both for the matter and manner, and for the apt diſcouery of honeſt plaine meaning affection, not vnpleaſ ãt nor vnmeete to be clothed with an Engliſh ſuit as well as others of like nature and condition, whoſe tranſlations remaine to their

their praise though my selfe neither seeke nor deserue, standing rather to intreat your pardons then to hope for praise. If ought be to your liking I reioyce: if ought amisse, attribut it to youth as not stepped to the place of sound iudgement: or if you determine otherwise, I leaue my selfe and it, to your fauorable censures, praying yet that you will please to measure the matter according to the mind of the author which in all intention is faultles.

Fare you well.

Faults escaped amend thus if they be not alreadie corrected.

In the 2. page 23. line read liueth 7.p. 8 lin. shall 11.12.l. borrows 11.p.15.l. least 13.5. fonding 16.5. frounes 24.23. loueth 32.5. Batch 33.7. yea 38.7. euen as

THE FIRST EPISTLE.

Countries delight, sweet *Phillis*, Beuties pride:
Vouchsafe to read the lines *Amyntas* writeth,
And hauing red, within your boosome hide,
What first of loue my fearfull muse inditeth.

When once my mother set me flocks to keepe,
Bare fifteene yeres of age, in lether clad,
A maplehooke, to get and hould my sheepe,
A waiting dogge, a homely scrip I had.

No skill in beasts, on loue I neuer thought,
Yet but a boye, the friendly shepards route
Admitted me, and countrie secrets taught:
To heale my flocks, to fould them round about.

In threatned stormes, to lead them to the lee,
To sheare in time, to driue the wolfe awaie,
To knowe the course, of starres that fixed bee:
To pipe on meadow reeds, each holy-daie.

To ſing in rime, as ſometimes ſhepards vſe,
To daunce our Iiggs on paſture grac't with flowrs
What learnd I not, what toile did I refuſe,
To quench loues flames, & paſſe o're idle houres?

At laſt, when heauen did womēs callends ſhew,
And cuſtome would that euery ſwain ſhould pro- (fer
Vnto his choiſe, as they doe ſit arewe:
Such fauours, as poore ſhepards vſe to offer.

Silke garters *Egon*, firſt began to tie,
About the calues, of her he loued beſt,
And lifting vp her clothes, ſhe ſaid Naie fie,
With bluſhing ſmils, his hand ſhe downward preſt.

Then *Titerus* a ryband did beſtow,
On *Driades* his loue and whole delight.
In token of the ioyes, they hope to knowe,
When wedding chamber giues the happie night.

Of marigoldes, with figured loue and name,
A chaplet *Melibeus* had deuiſed.
On *Clitias* head then pinned he the ſame.
And vowd his loue ſhould neuer be demiſed.

To *Glicery* ould *Mopſus* fay rings giueth.
Menalcas and the reſt gaue where they loued;
But who is he, that alwaies happie liueth?
What ioyes ſo firme, as griefe hath not remoued?

Faustulus, and *Caridon*, wel borne, & wel allyed
Both rich, both strong, & both for vertues praised
Lou'de you alike, and were alike denied.
Yet for your sake, great strife there had they raised

A gem the one, a whelpe the other bringeth,
Both faire enough, yet you did both refuse,
Lest hate which oft from riuall passion springeth,
This merrie meeting, rudelie should abuse.

And yet these lads do striue, with words & deeds
Loue gaue thē staues, their blows ar strōgly plac'd
They call their frends the best but badly speeds.
Full pale you rose (*I* markte how palenes graced)

And truce with mouing teares you did desire.
But all in vane, for teares, the fight increased:
Whereat (me thought) my hart began to fire,
And pittie longd to see this battell ceased.

Then rushed *I*, amidst this churlish fraie.
And war with war, *I* conquered at the last:
With force, or threats, the fearc est did I staie.
You gaue me thanks, when all the broile was past.

Oh had not sweetest *Philis* thankfull beene.
And yet *I* wish too much against your kind.
But had not I those gracious gestures seene,
I might haue still, enioyed a quiet mind.

For when your tempring eyes, I did behold,
And heard your voice, more sweet then musiks sound,
The passions which I felt, may not be told:
Then, then, it was that first loues force I found.

The one mine eare, the other pleasd mine eye,
This pleasure bread such stormes within my hart.
As poore *Amintas*, wretchedlie must die:
Except faire *Phillis*, shall redresse his smarte.

My doubtfull mind so too and froe doth moue,
Vnlike himselfe, your seruaunt now abideth,
Constant in naught, but onely in your loue:
feare presseth hope, and shame affection hideth.

Beleeue me sweete, (newe louers cannot faine)
Awake, asleepe, still *Phillis* doe I see,
And from your looks I gather ioye or paine:
Euen which it please you, to bestow on me.

If merrilie, *Amintas* you salute,
A merry hope, doe make me happie straight,
But if you frowne, then doe I feare my sute:
And on my thoughts, a thousand cares do waight.

Confounded thus, and ouercome with griefe,
To fluds with teares, to ayre with sighes I melte,
In vaine I seeke each waie for my reliefe:
I thinke such torments, neuer louer felte.

Yet lest a coward iustly I were thought,
At first to yeeld, vnto my first desire.
Fond rage with reason, to suppresse I sought:
And with discretion, to quench out the fire,

I chide my selfe, and call into my mind,
Such medicines, as our annals haue in store,
I prooue them all, and yet small ease I find:
For still my loue increaseth more and more.

I sit vp late, I rise before the daie,
I doe repeate each vanitie in loue,
I checke faire beautie, by her quick decaie:
And twentie other helpes, I fondly prooue.

I thinke how *Sirens*, catch the listning eare,
And how affection is increast by sight,
Sweet *Phillis* pardon though the truth you heare:
And though against my will, loue kept your right.

For I did striue to free me from affection,
But beautie was too strong, for mine endeuor,
Who hath so forst my loue to your subiection:
As till you free me, I am bound for euer.

To stop mine eares with wax, mine eyes to blind,
To hide me from your sight, amidst the woode,
In all these helps no helpe at all I find:
My loue is such, as they will doe no good.

As *Peliar* ſpere, could hurt and heale againe,
So therefore let me craue but this of thee,
That as loue made, ſo loue may eaſe my paine:
And as you mine, ſo I your beſt may bee.

The ſecond Epiſtle.

IS true indeed? was *Philis* ſo vnkind
With hand and hart, vnred in peeces rent,
To ſend my verſes to the ſcattering winde
When they to you and no where elſe were ment.
Thoſe ſnow-white fingers, ſoft as any cloud,
ſhould not ſuch ſhreudnes vnder beauty ſhrowd.

And could you braule with *Mopſus* in ſuch ſort?
For briging you a pledge of true affection.
It was no fault your praiſes to report.
And he did naught but after my derection.
Amintas wrote the verſes you did teare,
If ſo you like *Amintas* name to heare.

Did you commaund that I ſhould write no more?
Why loue commaunds that *I* ſhould write again?
Beſides your looks affords ſuch flowing ſtore,
As makes a Poet write with little paine.

Yea

Yea you haue power, in euery merry smile,
To force a loute, to match *Appollos* stile.

What greeud you then what made you so to chide?
Were you afeard, olde *Mopsus* would reueale it,
When next I write (because I will it hide),
Ile bring't my selfe, and so we may conceale it.
My silent hand, shall in your hand bestow,
That which none else but you and I shall know.

Nor *Faustulus*, nor *Corridon* shall heare it,
Or once suspect our loue if you agree:
Our ioyned lips, so to and fro shall beare it,
As ayre nor Ecco, shall a witnesse be.
Till you my wife, my happy armes shall fill,
Then let them prattle, what & where they will.

When last I wrote, some angry stars had power,
And bad aspects, agreed to show their kind:
Yet now I hope, I chose a better houre,
And better hap, I do not doubt to find.
Do you but reade, to read you neede not feare,
Or if you will, *Ile* reade and you shall here.

I write not ought that may offend your eie,
Your seruant, doth no more but shew his loue:
The wound you made perhaps you there may spy
With some such passions as desire doth moue.

Which

Which if you will not take vpon fo much:
Yet what your beauty wrought, take paines to ſe

Doe but behold, what guiltles I endure,
(Accept true loue, a guiltles fault you deeme)
For then my paines, your pitie will procure:
If you be ſhe, whom vrwardly you ſeeme,
If thoſe faire eyes, your truth enforce reveale,
That would you made you cannot chuſe but feal.

Feare no deceipt, I doppie from my hart,
No more then honeſt loue, doth now ſuggeſt,
The pen wherewith I write, can faine no mart,
Being the index of a faithfull breaſt:
It is not long, ſence loue did let it fall,
Out of his wing, for me to write withall.

No doubt he meant, your praiſes I ſhould paint,
So to vnmaske, the vertues you would hide:
For, knowing that my wonder made me faint,
And that our quills, ſuch works may not abide,
He hath ſupplide, ſuch pen, ſuch laſting inke
As will performe, as much as I can thinke.

Read therefore with deſire, read with delight,
Diana knowes, that I doe meane none ill:
Here are no charmes, I vſe no magiks might:
In truth I loue almoſt againſt my will.

And

And neuer might they thriue who ly in waite,
To ſnare poore damſels with their lewd deceipt.

I am not I *Demophion*, though you be
Another *Phillis*, far more richly priſed:
In vertue more, and far more faire then ſhe,
Elſe halfe hir praiers had hir ſaint ſufficed.
Had ſhe beene you, then he like me had lou'd,
And then I know he might not be remou'd.

Now as that *Phillis*, yelds to you in bewtie,
So doth that periurd wretch, that truthleſſe Knight
Submit himſelfe, in faith, in loue, and dewtie,
Vnto *Amintas* as he ought by right:
Whoſe blouming age, by al men ſpotles view'd,
With ſuch foule deeds, ſhal neuer be imbrew'd:

Oh therefore looke vpon my melting heart,
And ope the wounde, that you the depth may ſee:
Vnleſſe you know, how ſhall you eaſe my ſmart?
And who ſhould helpe, if *Phillis* helpe not me?
You did the harme, you may the worſt amend,
Phillis my foe may ſo become my frend.

No more my foe, if you my health afford,
Then will I call you life, or ſome thing better:
Yea if I knew a more effectuall word,
I would not long therefore remaine your detter.

You, you ſhall be to me euen what you will,
Vpon condicion you my ſute fulfill.

Sweet wer my breſt, ſuch as the light through ſhind
That ſo you might behold as in a fountaine
Your thriſe faire Image (there deuoutly ſhrinde)
Daunced vpon aliuelie leaping mountaine.
Then ſhuld you ſe how like a queen you raign,
Commaunding lawes of pleaſure and of paine.

There ſhould you ſee how all my ſences watche,
Readie to run at euery becke and winke,
Like ſtraining grahounds ſtriuing to diſpatch,
Each thing that they to your contentment think.
Yea wit to will, and will to loue reſigneth:
And glad is he that ſo himſelfe combineth.

Or if you ſearch my ſecret hart within,
Tis ſtrange to ſee how loue doth reuell there,
Placing new pains where erſt there non hath bin
And raiſing warres and diſcord euerie where.
To ſe what broils deſpaire and hope doth keepe
would make a harder hart then yours to weepe.

Yea euery part, the liuer, lungs and all,
Do witnes well that they with loue haue met:
The liuer which the ſeate of loue men call,
With ſcorched ſides do ſhew where he hath ſet.

My

My longs with greuous ſighes conſume awaie,
While they would ſaue the bodies whole decaie

My wanton ſpleene, ſometime fulfild with ſporte,
Hath loſt his laughing and his merrie cheere:
My tougn mine eies like miſchiefe can report,
And ſo would all the reſt if you would heare.
My tongue doth tire with begging your relief,
mine eies ſhed tears which ſhew both ioie & gref

Since therefore thus *I* ſuffer for your ſake,
It were iniuſtice to increaſe my ſorrowes,
Good *Phillis* graunt ſome pittie now to take,
And let ſweet words reſtore what beutie borrowes
Happie am I if you agree to this,
But if you frowne, a wretch your ſeruaunt is.

The third Epiſtle.

(abideth
Laſt with ſtrange doubts more pains your frend;
Good *Phillis* auſwere theſe my grouning feares,
Let that ſweet voice which yet your pittie hideth,
Pronounce the end of all my beggin teares.
But if ſome ſhame (for modeſt you were euer)
Withhold thoſe words which loue to me doth owe

Then may you write, for paper blusheth neuer,
And trust me well, thers no man shall it know.

Stand not vpon your ouer curious writing,
When letters leape each other, I can spell it:
Neither do I desire your choise inditing,
For loue seemes best, if plainely we do tell it.

When halfe abasht, and stutting in my speach;
My trembling hand, deliuered you my writte:
When waterie eies your mercy did beseech,
And euery parte bewraid a louers fit.

I mus'd to see your countenance changed so,
Flashing quick passions with a subden grace:
And white, and red, so oft to come and go,
As if deepe thoughts, were written in your face.

So haue I seene, the moone eclipsed wade,
When shadowy earth, from *Phœbus* hir deuideth:
Now meetely light, and now that light do fade,
Now peeping forth, and now her selfe she hideth.

Which made me think, som other sun you had,
And *Fastulous*, or *Corridon* was he,
I doubted least my shaddow made you sad,
For plaine it was this change did come from me.

Nor durst I hope (though hope well pleas'd my mind)
That new affectiō, wrought this new aspect
And

And though I long'd to see you proue so kind,
Yet did I feare some other worse effect.

And euen this feare a wretch *Amintas* maketh,
W hilst stormy motions, in my thoughts arise:
Whilst fonding loue, each action still mistaketh,
Striuing in kindnesse, all things to compriſe.

Oh happie, if *Amintas* you esteemed,
Or if I could not see my selfe deceiued:
But what blind eies, your fauor wold haue deemd,
Where my small guifts, so hardly were receaued.

Mad Tigers yeald, with vowes & praiers tamed
But feruent zeale, is neither strange nor nice:
That proud disdaine, that Rustik loue is named,
Which only yealds, to mercenary price.

Loue would not make your fainting hād so slack,
To take the verses, your *Amintas* brought you:
It was not loue, that turnd away your back,
When them to read, I earnestly besought you,

You need not feare, the murmur of my muse,
An vnpolluted hand, a pen more iust:
A mind which knowes no fraud, nor none wil vse,
Did draw the modell, which you so mistrust.

Not *Venus* sonne, nor any lusting spirit,
Do hale me on, to thinke one wicked thought:

My loue is new and growes from your demerit,
As pure as gold that finers fire hath wrought.

And yet at first, I did my selfe mistake it,
For (truth to speake) I thought it *Cupids* fire:
And therefore did I wrastle to forsake it,
For neuer could I like of foule desire.

But now by holy triall I do find,
That mine and that, are easelie knowne a sunder:
They disagree in habite, and in kind, (der.
To see their difference you perhaps would won-

Of *Mars*, and *Venus*, that the Bastard is,
This is of vertue, only son and heire:
That knowne to most, but few haue met with this,
That blacks our soules, but this doth make the faire.

He flies with wings and ioies in false designes,
This louing truth on milk white steed is mounted,
Starke naked he doth shew his sin by signes,
This vseth clothes least lewd he were accompted.

With pitch-black scarfe he vales his cruel eies,
To shew how guiltles men he leades astray:
Quicke sighted this each dangerous doubt espies,
And by iust lawes all actions well doth weigh.

Two arrowes *Cupid* in his left hand weareth,
Two arrowes my loue in like sort doth carry:

And

And in their right hand each a fire brand beareth,
Yet ſhaftes and brands in their effects do varie.

His torch doth only ſmoake to ſmother wit,
The other cleerely flames with ſacred fire:
His poiſoned arrowes feſter where they hit,
Theſe do but prick vs with a chaſte deſire.

Our bondage he by words & deeds procureth,
Yea ſuch a bondage as few ſlaues do find:
But this with ſweete content our hope inureth,
Bleſſing with quiet the obaieng mind.

Such is my loue & ſuch is all his fruits, (hewty:
Euen this was hee which praiſd your matchles
This firſt aduiſd me to commence my ſutes,
This taught me firſt a faithfull louers dewty.

Good *Phillis* therefore yeald me my requeſt,
Amintas doth not loue as you ſuppoſed:
And *Fauſtulus* ſings *Flora* for his beſt,
His flocks within hir pinfold he hath cloſed.

Phillis I ſing, on her are all my notes,
My ſheepe none other fellowſhip will take:
Mad *Corridon* do buz on clowniſh otes,
As balde a verſe as any lob can make.

But wanton nimphs the ſatires and the fairies,
My ſeuen ſtopt pipe (as ſweet as mirmaides voice:)

Will force, to daunce about you the canaries,
Whilst they shall wonder at my happie choice.

Now *Faustulus* (lest you should think him ould)
Pickes forth his hoary heares, with too much pain,
His cheeks are rubd, least blud should seeme too
He were a youth, if al his frames were plaine, (cold

Our ages (being like) must needs agree,
The downe appeares vpon my face but newlie:
Proud *Corridon*, will your commaunder be,
But poore *Amintas*, will attend you dutie.

What should I trouble you with hearing more?
Wherein my riualls are vneuen with me,
These are enough, yet haue I better store,
Sweet therefore let the worthie crowned be.

The fourth Epistle.

AS musicke gaues, and takes awaie our liues,
Whilst we with heed, attend her heauenly
Euē so (my life) your answer both reuiues (strains.
And kills your seruant, with a world of paines.
For though a thrift, my fainting hop's ammended
The end (alas) a murdering feare pretended.

Whilst

Whilst (faier) I heard you say you red my letters,
And that you were not with my loue displeased:
If all the churles of *Asia*, were my debters,
Their depts my hart so much had not releued.
Me thought I felt the strangest quicking grow,
That euer hoping louer yet did know.

But doubt of death so much could hardly moue,
Or daunt your seruant well resolued to die:
As when I heard you say you knew not loue,
Nor euer ment his madding fort to trie,
Oh then I wisht that with the selfe same dart,
Loue wold strike you wherwith he perst my hart.

Yet so I praide and pray him hit my sweete,
As only I may be your first election:
In hope that when our equall passions meete,
We both shall striue to conquer in affection.
For I should die to see you so abused,
As him to loue by whome you are refused.

And since they say it is the auncient vse,
That for our loues we *Venus* must intreate:
Because I will admit you no excuse,
Words of great waight to hir I will repeate.
And words with gifts right humbly shall be sea-
In hope that so this feuer may be healed.

Two milke white doues, a rich & precious chaplet
Wrought all of gold & perles fetcht from the east,
Baskets of flowers, the Rose, the Violet,
To set vpon him best beloued sweet,
These shall the haue and I will bribe her sonne,
Cost is no cost, so *Phillis* maie be wonne.

A paire of chirping sparrowes will I bring him,
And euer kissing turtles truelie matched,
Options of loue, and sonets will I sing him,
What would I not, so this maie be despatched?
So *Phillis* maie my loue with loue requite,
I do not weigh the price of my delite.

Now if it chaunce (and sometimes so it chaunceth)
That chast *Diana* take him in her traps:
Whilst close in bushes with her maids he daunceth
Or like a wag doth wanton in their laps,
If then she robbes the boie of all his treasure,
Well shall he find that I will do him pleasure.

For though she sends him naked as my nailne,
Home to his mother sad to see that sight,
With clipped wings without his pitch-blacke vaile
Of bow, of darts, of torch bereued quite,
Anteros will his losses soone restore,
As good or better then they were before.

Wings, bow and shafts, a fierce, a burning torch,
Shall richly bee supplied by my art,
To catch, to shoote and pierce, to blind, to scorch
Your selfe, your side, your eyes, your frosen hart?
For do you thinke that I will let him want,
The meanes whereby he maie disdaine suplant?

In your faire eyes new arrowes must be found,
For if they hidden there did not remaine,
How did your sight enforce this gaping wound,
Or what was it that causd me all this paine?
There must he seek & there he sure shal haue the
Bluddr maie not saie naie, if loue do craue them.

His wings aboue your ancle he shall find,
For if they had not wings to cut the aire,
How could you flie more swift then any wind?
The vowes of shepperds are ged by despaire.
And till these wings be parted from your heels,
You cannot be mark to the swift *Amintas* heels.

His christall breast transparaunt to the viewe,
To make loues quiuer seme th passing fit,
Yet bootes it keepe those arrowes that be shut?
For falshood doubtles hath no place in it.
And might I wish then only should it hold,
That arrow which is headed all with gold.

These must you giue, the rest shal come from me,
My bending armes shall serue him for a bowe
For as they only long to circle thee,
So would they hit none other that I know.
And in my clowdy eies with teares halfe blind,
To hide my wants he scarse enough may find.

His torches shall he kindle in my breft,
Where loue to blow the fier neuer ceaseth:
And as desire can enioie no rest,
So euer mouing, euer heate encreaseth. (flame
These weapons, wings, this quiuer, scarfe, and
Your cursi hart shal with triumph shortly tame.

The verie arrowes which to loue you lend,
Put in mine armes (he drawing then the string)
Shal rush on you, ere vs before they end,
Some of my notes you shalbe taught to sing.
And when your trial doth loues force discouer,
You will no more deem in your mefr louer.

Meane time (my chick) whilst thus you shall be
Thinke not that your Amintas will be idle. (vsed,
Those stubbornthoughts which cannot be excused,
With faire intreaties I intend to bridle.
My pleasing verses in your stone hard mind,
Shall stab in deep, my wounds to make you kind.

Churle that I am) deſerue I not much blame?
To call hir hard that is ſo mild and ſoft?
A ſtone was I, a ſtone that breſt to name,
Which with my verſes hath beene fild ſo oft.
Too largely did I giue my threats their ſcope,
Since you did mildly grant me leaue to hope.

And hope I will as *Phillis* doth deſire;
Or quick or ſlow your becks my hope ſhall frame:
If ſtay you bid, then will I quench the fier,
But if you haſt, I will become a flame.
For my contentment neuer may be wrought,
With that which ſhal diſpleaſe you but in thoght.

Forgiue me therefore though I did amiſſe,
Or beate me wel, but not with ſtaues or whips:
My puniſhment ſhall be enough for this,
If your ſweet mouth do rap me on the lips.
Your praiſe hereafter ſhall I better ſing,
When more experience greater art ſhal bring.

Nere will I reſt but I will practiſe ſtill,
To paſſe them all that liue vpon this plaine:
And if my ſtrength agreeth to my will,
You ſhall confeſſe I labor not in vaine.
Your beawty ſhall ſo eccho in the aire,
As all this Ile ſhal ſing that you are faire.

I speake not rashly for I know the trouble,
That is requirde so manie to exceed:
Yet doubt I not but that my force will double,
Your gracious looks assisting at my need.
Our goulden witts (if you will fauour me)
Shall saie *Amintas* loueth more then wee.

So striues the nightingale to please his choise,
Reposing on a thorne his sleepie breast:
Seeming in paines as richly to reioyce
As other birds are vsde to doe in reast.
Prowd that his loue in vertue so excelleth,
To daie and night hir worthines he telleth.

Yet if with mine he shall compaire his skill,
When once your smiles my knowledg haue amended
Though honest enuie doth his worst fulfill,
My conquest yet with honour shall be ended.
Then shall you find before we part asunder
That *Phillis* in *Amintas* works a wonder.

Me think I see how pertlie first he rowseth,
As preface to some newe deuised straine,
Opening his clap as doth a hawke that bowseth
To send forth tunes fit for *Marsias* vaine.
Now long, now short, now high & now as low,
Each corner of his voice hir straines to showe.

Me thinke his nimble tongue I plainly ſe,
How it doth labor to deuide each note,
And whilſt in vaine he works to vanquiſh me,
It ſeemes to daunce the antike in his throte.
Now ſings he mirth, & now he ſemes to weepe,
Sometime aloud, ſometimes as halfe aſleepe.

But were this combate true as it is fained,
And were we euenly lifted in the field:
Feare leaſt the weakeſt ſhould be moſt diſdained,
would burſt his bowels ere he once would yeeld.
His very beſt what ſluggard would not proue?
Rather then like a wretch to die with loue,

The Fifth Epiſtle.

Letters you take, whie take you not my guifts?
Enforcing charmes I vtterlie deteſt,
Your mind I wreſt not with vnlawfull ſhifts,
Onely I ſeeke to win you by requeſt.
And with my ſelfe I neuer would diſpence,
In thought to perpetrate ſo foule offence.

These worthles presents (measuring your desarts)
Are but the pledges of vnfained loue,
Giuen by an honest hand and such a hart,
As onely your vnkindnes maie remoue.
So might you take thē with like hand, like mind
For greater faith I do not wish to find.

Barre not my merits of their due accesse,
This ring of gold, this paile feare not to take,
Though smale they be yet were they somwhat les
I hope you will accept them for my sake.
And if my flocke another yere do mend,
A richer guift I promise you to send.

Yet are they better then parhaps they seeme,
This ring I tell you I do giue the rather,
Because my mother did it much esteeme,
Being the first loue token of my father.
Who putting it vpon her little finger,
Vould her that loue could not endure to linger.

The very words my hart to *Phillis* pleads:
The mot ingrauen do speake, *Drawne by demerit*:
Tis straunge how fortune euery action leads,
Making the sonne his fathers wounds inherite.
So found he then, so loue now his heire,
Both we were constant, both our loues we feire.

Marke

Marke how the payd is craciously inchased,
In these our daies such works are seldome found:
The handle with such anticks is imbraced,
As one would thinck they leapt aboue the ground,
The Ammell is so faire, and fresh of hew,
As to this day it seemeth to be new.

That glasse wherein the sun doth sometime prie,
To see his harpe, and quiuer placed right:
And to amend those locks that are awry,
Against he meets his best belou'd at night.
That glasse (I say) the rainebow I intend,
Not halfe these colors from hir clowds do send

The substance wrought deserues but little price,
Comparing to the workemanship of it:
More then them both I valew his deuise,
That in smal space so may things did fit.
Yet imitats the life in euery shape,
As if the caruer had beene natures ape.

But since the emblems some what secret be,
I wil declare each charge and what is ment,
Euen as my mother vttered them to me,
When vnto you both ring and paile she sent.
The order I must keepe and first is set,
A Lady couered with a golden net.

Looke how at church or in the open ſtreete,
A ſluttiſh bawde, or ſome vnquiet skould:
That for hir ſinnes doth penance in a ſheete,
A cloth before hir ſhameleſſe face doth hold.
So in this net the trembling Lady ſtands,
Hiding hir bluſhing cheeks with both hir hands

The net is loues right worthily ſupported,
Bacchus one end, the other *Ceres* guideth:
Like *Trauellers* this god and goddes ſported,
To take each foule that in their walkes abideth.
And as by night they vp and down did iumble,
Vpon *Minerua* by miſchance did ſtumble.

Minerua in their nets ſo ſtrangely maſked,
As ſtrugling was too weake to ſet hir free:
Till by loues cenſure ſhe was ſtraightly taſked,
From that time forth his drudge and ſlaue to be.
To teach vs firſt this firſt of all was placed,
That loue by nicenes wil not be diſgraced.

For though when nature vſd on rootes to bite,
And drinck ſuch liquor as the well did giue:
Though then to catch hir, loue had ſmall delight,
As better pleaſd in fatter minds to liue.
Yet ſince the world with chriſtall did flowe,
Both hir and al the reſt he ouerthrowes.

Wretched *Prometheus* next to these here stands,
Whose side do freshly seeme euen now to bleede:
His fettered legs and his inchained hands,
doth hold him whilst the Egles on him feede.
The Eagles teare, and tier vpon his heart,
But though he shrinks he cánot shun the smart.

Marke how his forhead doth both frown & skoule
To shew that he both wrath, & greefe sustaines:
Marke how he gapes as if he ment to howle,
Or else to bite the workers of his paines.
His staring eies right bitterly did threat,
To driue those hasty feeders from their meat.

Euen as a wolfe whom hunters staffe doth choke,
Whilst angry dogs his torments more encreate:
New smart with his resistance doth prouoke,
And may nor fight nor yet procure a peace.
So stands *Prometheus* to abide his throwes,
And end wherof he neither hopes nor knowes.

Though day by day his heart they do deuoure,
And rifell all the intralls they can catch:
Yet haue nor beaks, nor griping tallants power,
His soule from martyred careafe to dispatch.
But still he liues for night doth still restore,
What gorged Eagles eate the day before.

Perhaps the cauſe hereof you do admire,
And why this penance thus he doth performe:
Some ſay he filtcht from *Ioue* the liuely fire
Wherewith he quickneth euery perfect forme.
And yet (no doubt) it hath another ſence,
Not plaine in ſhew, but plaine by inference.

By ſuch as fire from heauen do ſteale away,
Is ment al thoſe that place their loue too high:
For ſuch do yeald their hearts to them a prey,
Who euer killing neuer make them die.
Soule fretting cares as faſt our quiet eate,
As emptie Eagles do deuoure their meate

Yet hope, and reſt, as much by night repaires,
As care by day (too greedily) did waſt,
Thus liues & deaths from hopes & from diſpaires,
To climing minds inceſſantly are caſt.
Why therfore ſhuld we wiſh more thē we need?
An hundred hands muſt fiftie bellies feede.

The third by ſhape, or forme, appeares a monſter,
Hauing both head and feete and al things double:
But leaſt the truth thereof you ſhould miſconſter,
I will declare it (were it not your trouble).
This perſonage *Androgina* was named,
Thus man and woman iointly firſt were framed

All

All of one peece their loines and heads did grow,
Diffrence of ſex was vtterly vnknowne:
So ioind their forheads and their parts below,
As equall men together had beene ſowne.
Like to indentures met twice twenty toes,
And whē they moue the one half backward goes.

So may you ſee by two *Laualto* danced,
Who face to face about the houſe do hop:
And when one mounts; the other is aduanced,
At once they moue, at once they both do ſtop.
Their ieſtures ſhew a mutuall conſcent,
I thinke this laſt the firſt did repreſent.

Foure eies it had yet ſo their forheads grew,
As they could neither glaunce nor looke amiſſe:
Onely the one, the other ſtill did view,
Much like to wantons ſmothering of a kis. (weep
One health, one voice, at once they laugh and
Happy are they that ſuch agreements keepe.

And thus (no doubt) theſe had remained euer,
(So euenly were they macht, at firſt by nature:)
If diſcord had not laboured to diſſeuer,
And parte them both by altering of their ſtature,
With ſickneſs therfor ſtriues this cōcord breker
To make one halfe therof become the weaker.

And ſickneſſe made indeede the one ſo tangle,
That then hir growth was hindred much thereby:
Which cauſd the vnited ſo to wrangle,
As boies for cloths, when they a could do lye.
Whereat the ſtronger falles to flat diſdaine,
And now he minds to part though to his paine.

The ſick conſents and ſaith as he doth ſay,
Their armes are ſtraind, their ioyning skin is rent,
The ſtronger by his force doth teare away,
A greater ſhare then ere was to him ment.
Henee quarrels grew: loue knowes it was vniuſt
But ſtill the weaker to the wal is thruſt.

Thus diſcord made that ſimphathy deuide,
Thus parted was, the toung, the fleſh, the braine
Much better had they beene: one to abide,
Then ſtill to long to ioine themſelues againe.
But ſoft me thinks my penne too faſt doth trot,
In vttering that which now concerns it not.

For I ſhould tel the meaning of this twin,
Which only ſignifies the *Gordion* knot:
That toung tyde knot, which but with deadly ſin,
Or wealth, or woe, or time diſſolueth not.
To ſpeak more plain it ſhews the mariens ſtates
To choſe & to conuerſe them with their mates,

Their

Their Birth, their wealth, and age, alike should be,
Equality do sweeten much that life:
An hatefull sight I gesse it were to see,
The Lions daughter made the mouse his wife.
So therefore was *Androgina* deuised,
As iust one height and bignes it comprised.

By going backward alwaise of the one,
Is ment the yealding wedlock doth require:
And that one ought not euer rule alone,
But some time crosse himselfe in his desire.
Yea from our likeings we must backward go,
And though we would not, say it should be so.

The inward placing of their double eies,
Was to restraine the nimble wandering thought:
For searching sight so many motes espies,
As oft it makes vs thinke of that is naught.
And thought in time will breed a free consent,
From whence proceeds a daunger pestilent.

But least I dwell too long vpon this toie,
I next will speake a little of the last
Vpon a bancke there sits the flying boy,
His bow vnbent his quiuer loosely cast.
With wings al wet as beaten with a shower,
Who sees him now wold scarsely feare his pow-
er.

One:

One foote vpon the others lappe doth lie,
His right hand groping round about that heele:
The left do put the finger in the eie,
As if he plaind for smart that he doth feele.
So haue I seene old *Barche* the painter trace,
A whipped boye looke vp with crying face.

His broken scarfe hangs downe vpon his arme,
Cupid now sees who earst was deemed blind,
A pricke he caught which doth him all this harme
For which he seeks but no where can it find:
Yet still he looks where eft he look'd before,
With that my mother smild and said no more.

THE ANSVER OF PHILLISTO

A MINTAS BY THE TRANSLATOR.

TO faithfe hir friend thus *Philist* wheeth,
Scarce well adviſde to whom or what ſhe doth
For trembling hand with fearful thought inditeth
Do tell me oft, mon I peake not alwaies ſooth
And that too many ſeeme as they where iuſt,
In whom our trialles find but little truſt.

Yea I haue heard how much they vſe to glorie
(As if it were ſome newes of good import)
Of vs to tell another louing ſtorie,
Wherewith they make themſelues & others ſport
But in what caſt is that poore feeble maid?
That by her owne good nature is betraid.

Now

Now twise too kind (*I* must confesse) it is,
For vs to write or shew our bad inuentions;
The lines we send proue maps of our amisse,
Wherein you men false measure our intention.
And though of loue, the verses haue no sauour,
Yet are they deemde too prodigall a fauour.

We vergins on an open stage are set:
Where many eies examine euerie deede:
Where slaunder hides in euery bush a net
To warne vs in our waies to take good heed.
Then may we hope that lines wil ought conceale?
VVhich like bad seruants all they know reueale.

The inside of our hartes must not be seene:
Wee must lock vp the secrets of the mind,
And though *Amintas* euer true hath beene,
Yet *Phillis* must not shew hir selfe too kind.
With these perswasions did *I* hould my hand,
Till your intreties gaue a counter-mand.

Where with the loue which once I did conceiue,
(Before your sight to get what I would keepe)
Began a new impression to receiue
In hope to charme your fond desires asleepe.
For (truth to speake) before your suite began
I thought *Amintas* was an honest man.

Yet

Yet such as chastly meane to liue and die,
Must shun occasions, tempting their intent,
And hate such suitors as in waite do lie
To make our thoughts become incontinent.
My maidenhood was promisd to my graue:
An others right *Amintas* may not haue.

And *I* did tell vnto *Astrofale* when he brought,
(Too pander like) the verses first you sent,
That since to wrack my chastitie you sought,
I would reuoke the friendship earst I ment:
T'was wilely done to send him on that arrant,
Since of his councell you had little warrant.

Nor if *I* should (which neere is like to bee)
Forsake the sweetnes of this single life,
In truth, *I* rather had be match't with thee,
Then otherwise become a Prince his wife.
Yet do not mend your hope with this *I* saie:
For trust me *Phillis* neither will nor maie.

For who doe marke the daungers that arise,
And see the paines and cares the wedded yeeld,
But will presume (at least if they be wise)
That they such troubles shall not rashlie enter?
But graut some maids their happines would loose
Yet can you shartely teach vs how to chuse?

For may we take those men whose eies do lure
Gazing as if in vs they sought their hearts
Or may we think their shamefast gestures true,
Whose signes appeare to be patterns of their smarts
So wrought *Orsilla*, yet how false was he?
And why should his succeeders truer be?

Or are they best who with their heart-sicke woes,
A spotlesse faith right solemnly will sweare:
Or such as with old begging words compose,
A bosome lout to hackney every where:
The period louers looke as others do,
The last to shew their cunning only woo.

What counsell then since eares and eies may erre?
And error breeds both smart and bitter shame:
If we misgrant the suters they desire,
Repentance cannot stanch our bleeding fame:
So that if signes, & words, & vowes be forceles,
Women have cause (I think) to be remorceles.

And since both good and bad, their ruth will bolt
(Bearing themselues as if no harme they meant)
Considering that the worst are euer most,
We must suspect the very best intent:
For deepe deceipt will speake as faire as he,
Who loueth best and faineth loue would be.

Now some (againe) (the fond) among (them) (theeues),
For present time do dote with fearelesse minds,
Yet when a while their loues they haue possest,
In whō some difference frō their thoughts they find
Perceiuing how their hopes were thus beguiled,
All former loue by them is quite exiled.

Then others fortunes they begin to measure,
Guessing how well some other men haue sped,
Their own is dull, the rest (they think) are rare,
And now they feel how much they were misled.
In neighbours fields the corne is better grown,
And euery thing is richer than their own.

From whence (then) doth a world of mischiefe flide
For then hath theft his passport to beg coyne,
All honesty and loue is laide aside,
Yea and those mindes seldome come alone.
For lothing minds are longing to be free,
And care not how so euer it be.

I am not angry (though I sharply speake),
For sin (my words) with loue to be displaste,
Only I see by your vnkindnesse breake,
Which yet but sparkes (I hope) may be appeased.
And (dare I) sweare that you are none of those,
That with deceipt are practised to glose

Yet must I prosecute my first occasion,
By all good meanes affection to subdue,
And might I so prevaile by my perswasion,
As to endeare thy vow such sure assurance,
Might I (*Artemias*) thus those toiles remoue,
Then should I thinke that *Philli* you did loue.

Why faine I were a man as you do say,
And that my bewty did so far exceede,
I rather feare strange if you should haue a nay,
Do euery sinor of his purpose speede.
That which you did demand is sought by many
But I will neither giue it you nor any.

And yet to you I dare a thousand more,
Were they as rich as *Croesus* in his pride,
And were *Amintas* more then thrice as poore,
When I may loue to him my loue is tide,
But til our friends consent, we haue no power,
The couenant of that knot is none of ours.

For as from parents we our flesh do borrow,
So must we pay the dept which kind do owe:
And you shall alwaies feed the mayde hate of sorrow,
Which crosse their liking doth her selfe bestowe.
Whose careful eies all danger will espie,
When our blinde fancies leadeles cleane awry.

And though my mother fauoreth you too much,
And partially to me reports your praiſe,
Yet what maie ſhe do ſince the world is ſuch:
As now the husband euerie action ſwaies,
Of whoſe conſent there is no little doubt,
Farewell for now my waſted light goes out.

FINIS.

AN OVLD FACIONED LOVE.

Or a loue of the Ould facion.

By I. T. gent.

AT LONDON
Printed by P. S. for *William Mattes*, dwelling in [illegible] the signe of the [illegible]

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To the Worshipfull and my *ſingular good friend miſtres* Anne Robertes.

I Do not (good Miſtres Roberts) preſent theſe papers vnto you as either worthy of your viewe and grauitie, or any way anſwerable to the leaſt part of your great courteſies, but being many waies highlie bounden, I haue ſought by ſuch meanes (as vnable ſtudents are wonte) to performe to you as to my good Patroneſſe, ſome ſhewe of gratitude by my pen, which I am not able to expreſſe in

any other meete furniture of fortune. Accept therefore I praie you, not so much the value which is of no worth, as the mind of him who carieth you in all due & reuerent estimatiō. And so beseeching God to yeeld you all the effect of your vertuous desire, I humblie take my leaue.

Yours in all due affection and commaundement.

I. T.

To the courtious and friendlie.

After many cunning and well penned poems, you may perhaps maruell (gentlemen) what follie, or rather furie should draw mee to diuulge this poore paſtorall conceipte: The truth is, that peruſing (at idle howers) the author of Amintas *ioyes, I found it in latine, a paſſion much anſwerable to my purpoſe both for the matter and manner, and for the apt diſcouery of honeſt plaine meaning affection, not vnpleaſãt nor vnmeete to be clothed with an Engliſh ſuit as well as others of like nature and condition, whoſe tranſlations remaine to*

their

their praise though my selfe neither seeke nor deserue, standing rather to intreat your pardons then to hope for praise. If ought be to your liking I reioyce: if ought amisse, attribut it to youth as not stepped to the place of sound iudgement: or if you determine otherwise, I leaue my selfe and it, to your fauorable censures, praying yet that you will please to measure the matter according to the mind of the author which in all intention is faultles.

Fare you well.

Faults escaped amend thus if they be not already corrected.

In the 2. page 23. line read liueth 7.p. 8 liue shall 11.12.l. borrows 11.p.15.l. least 13.5 sonding 16.5. frounes 24 agloueth 32.5 datch 33.7 yea 38.7. euch as

THE FIRST EPISTLE.

Countries delight, sweet *Phillis*, Beauties pride:
Vouchsafe to read the lines *Amyntas* writeth,
And hauing red, within your boosome hide,
What first of loue my fearfull muse inditeth.

When once my mother set me flocks to keepe,
Bare fifteene yeares of age, in lether clad,
A maple hooke, to get and hould my sheepe,
A whining dogge, a homely scrip I had.

No skill in beasts, or loue I neuer thought,
Yet but a boye, the friendly shepards route
Admitted me, and countrie secrets taught:
To heale my flocks, to fould them round about.

In the mid stormes, to lead them to the lee,
To shearre in time, to driue the wolfe awaie,
To knowe the course, of starres that fixed bee:
To pipe on meadow reeds, each holy daie.

To sing in rime, as sometimes shepards vse,
To daunce our *Iiggs* on pasture grene with flowrs
What learnd I not, what toule did I refuse,
To quench loues flames, & passe o're idle houres?

At last, when heauen did woones callends shew,
And custome would that euery swain should pro-(fer
Vnto his choise, as they doe sit are ve:
Such fauours, as poore shepards vse to offer.

Silke garters *Egon*, first began to tie,
About the calues, of her he loued best,
And lifting vp her clothes, she said Naie sie.
With blushing smils, his hand she downward prest.

Then *Titerus* a ryband did bestow,
On *Driades* his loue and whole delight.
In token of the ioyes, they hope to know.
When wedding chamber giues the happie night.

Of marigoldes, with figured loue and name,
A chaplet *Melibeus* had deuised.
On *Clitias* head then pinned he the same.
And vowd his loue should neuer be demised.

To *Glicery* ould *Mopsus* fayrings gaue,
Menalcas and the rest gaue where they loued,
But who is he, that alwaies happie liued?
What ioyes so great, as griefe hath not remoued?

Faire Ladies, and Loue-giuing Louers, I craue ye all yee
Both rich, both strong, & both for vertues praised
Lou'de you alike, and were alike denied.
Yet for your sake, great strife there had they raised

Again the one, whelpe, the other bringeth,
Both faine enough, yet you did both refuse,
Lest hate which oft from riuall passion springeth,
This merrie meeting, ruthfully should abuse.

And yet these lads do striue, with words & deeds
Loue gaue the flames, their bloods at highly plaid
They call their mothers both vnkind, & sadly speeds
Full pale you rose (I markte how pale ends graced)

And true with louing teares you did absolue.
But all in vaine, for teares, their fight increased
Where (quoth they) my hart began you first,
And pitie longd for ease this part ceased.

Then rushed I amidst this churlish fraie,
And with my loue I conquered at the last:
With force, or threats, the feare of which I staied
Yet gaue me thanks, when all the broile was past.

Oh had not fresh desire bid me be bold
And yet I with both touch against your kind
But had not I those gracious gestures seene,
might haue stil sent eyes to quench mine

For

For when your ruthpring eyes, I did beholde,
And heard your voice, more sweet then musiks sound,
The passions which I felt, may not be told,
Then, then, it was that first loue, fore'd found.

The one mine eare, the other pleas'd mine eye,
This pleasure breed such stormes within my hart.
As poore I know, wretched I must die:
Except faire Phœbe, shall redresse his smarte.

My doubtfull mind so too and froe doth moue,
Vnlike it selfe, you cause it now abideth,
Combate it makes, but onely in your loue:
Feare preacheth hope, and hate affection hideth.

Behold me sweete, new loue is cannon fine)
Awake, alone, still sadder doe I see,
And from your looks I gather joye or paine:
Euen which it pleaseth you, to bestow on me.

If merrilie, I endure your salute,
A merry hope, doe make me happie straighte,
But if you frowne, then doe I feare my fute:
And on my thoughts, a thousand cares do waighte.

Confounded dome, and ouercome with griefe,
To studs with teares, to eyes with sighes I melte,
In vaine I seeke each waie for my relefe:
I thinke such torments, neuer louer felte.

Vntoth a bowrdiasthy I were thought,
At first to yeeld, vnto my first desire.
Fond rage with reason, to suppresse I sought:
And with discretion, to quench out the fire,

I chide my selfe, and call into my mind,
Such medicines, as our annals haue in store,
I proue them all, and yet small ease I find:
For still my loue increaseth more and more.

I sit vp late, I rise before the daie,
I doe repeate each vanitie in loue,
I checke faire beautie, by her quick decaie:
And twentie other helpes, I fondly proue.

I thinke how *Sirens*, catch the listning eare,
And how affection is increast by sight,
Sweet *Phillis* pardon though the truth you heare:
And though against my will, loue kept your right.

For I did striue to free me from affection,
But beautie was too strong, for mine endeuor,
Who hath so forst my loue to your subiection:
As till you free me, I am bound for euer.

To stop mine ears with wax, mine eyes to blind,
To hide me from your sight, amidst the woode
In all these helps no helpe at all I find:
My loue is such, as they will doe no good.

As *Pelias* spear could heale the hand that gaue the wound,
So therefore let that grace bee this in thee,
That as loue made, so loue may ease my paine:
And as you mine, so by your help may be.

The second Epistle.

IS true indeed, was *Phillis* so vnkind
With hand and hart, vnused in peeces rent,
To send my verses to the scattering wind,
When they to you and no where else were ment.
Those snow-white fingers, soft as any cloud,
should not such shrewdnes vnder beauty shrowd.

And could you braule with *Amyntas* in such sort?
For bringing you a pledge of true affection?
It was no fault your praises to report,
And he did naught but serue my direction.
Amyntas wrote the verses you did reade,
If so you like *Amyntas* name to heare.

Did you commaund that I should write no more?
Why loue commaunds that I should write againe.
Besides your looks affords such flowing store,
As makes a Poet wise with little paine.

You you haue power, in euery merry fitte,
To force a loute, to match *Appollos* witte.

What greeud you then, what made you so to chide?
Were you afeard, olde *Aesops* would reueale it,
When next I write (because I wil it hide),
Ile bring it my selfe, and so we may conceale it.
My silent hand, still in your hand bestow,
That which none else but you and I shall know.

Nor *Famestaler*, nor *Corridon* shall heare it,
Or once suspect our loue if you agree:
Ous ioyned lips, so to and fro shall beare it,
As ayre nor Echo, shall a witnesse be.
Till you my wife, my happy armes shall fill,
Then let them prattle, what & where they will.

When last I wrote, some angry stars had power,
And bad aspects, agreed to show their kind.
Yet now I hope, I chose a better houre,
And better hap I do not doubt to find.
Do you but reade, to read you needs not feare,
Or if you will, Ile reade and you shall here.

I write not ought that may offend your eie,
Your seruant, doth no more but shew his loue:
The wound you made perhaps you there may spy
With some such passions as desire doth moue.

Which

Which if you will not take vpon record,
Yet what your beauty wrought, take pitie to see

Doe but behold, what guiltles I endure,
(Accept true loue, a guiltie fault you deeme)
For then my paines, your pitie will procure:
If you be she, whom vtwardly you seeme,
If those faire eyes, your true mirror reveale,
The would you made you cannot chuse but heal.

Feare no deceipt, I coppie from my hart,
No more then honest loue, doth now suggest,
The pen wherewith I write, can faine no smart,
Being the index of a faithfull breast:
It is not long, sence loue did let it fall,
Out of his wing, for me to write withall.

No doubt the ment, your praises I should paint,
So to vnmaske, the vertues you would hide:
For, knowing that my wonder made me faint,
And that our quills, such works may not abide,
He hath supplide, such pen, such lasting inke
As will performe me, as much as I can thinke.

Read therefore with desire, read with delight,
Diana knowes, that I doe meane none ill:
Here are no charmes, I vse no magiks might:
In truth I loue almost against my will.

And

And neuer might they that lie vnder lyes in wake,
To snare poore damsels with their lewd deceipt.

I am not I *Damophon*, though you be
Another *Phillis*, far more richly prised:
In vertue more, and far more faire then she,
Else halfe hir praiers had hir faint sufficed.
Had she beene you, then he like me had lou'd,
And then I know he might not be remou'd.

Now as that *Phillis*, yelds to you in bewtie,
So doth that periurd wretch, this truthlesse Knight
Submit himselfe, in faith, in loue, and dewtie,
Vnto *Amintas* as he ought by right:
Whose blouming age, by al men spotles view'd,
With such foule deeds, shal neuer be imbrew'd:

Oh therefore looke vpon my melting heart,
And ope the wounde, that you the depth may see;
Vnlesse you know, how shall you ease my smart?
And who should helpe, if *Phillis* helpe not me?
You did the harme, you may the vorst amend,
Phillis my foe may so become my frend.

No more my foe, if you my health afford,
Then will I call you life, or some thing better:
Yea if I know a more effectuall word,
I would not long therefore remaine your detter.

You, you ſhall be to me euen what you will,
Vpon condicion you my ſute fulfill.

Sweet wer my breſt, ſuch as the light through ſhind
That ſo you might behold as in a fountaine
Your thriſe faire Image (there deuoutly ſhrinde)
Daunced vpon aliuelie leaping mountaine.
Then ſhuld you ſe how like a queen you raign,
Commaunding lawes of pleaſure and of paine.

There ſhould you ſee how all my ſences watche,
Readie to run at euery becke and winke,
Like ſtraining grahounds ſtriuing to diſpatch,
Each thing that they to your contentment think.
Yea wit to will, and will to loue reſigneth:
And glad is he that ſo himſelfe combineth.

Or if you ſearch my ſecret hart within,
Tis ſtrange to ſee how loue doth reuell there,
Placing new pains where erſt there non hath bin
And raiſing warres and diſcord euerie where.
To ſe what broils deſpaire and hope doth keepe
would make a harder hart then yours to weepe.

Yea euery part, the liuer, lungs and all,
Do witnes well that they with loue haue met:
The liuer which the ſeate of loue men call,
With ſcorched ſides do ſhew where he hath ſet.

My longs with greuous ſighes conſume awaie,
While they would ſaue the bodies whole decaie

My wanton ſpleene, ſometime fulfild with ſporte,
Hath loſt his laughing and his merrie cheere:
My tougn mine eies like miſchiefe can report,
And ſo would all the reſt if you would heare
My tongue doth tire with begging your relief,
mine eies ſhed tears which ſhew both ioie & gref

Since therefore thus *I* ſuffer for your ſake,
It were iniuſtice to increaſe my ſorrowes,
Good *Phillis* graunt ſome pittie now to take,
And let ſweet words reſtore what beutie borrows
Happie am I if you agree to this,
But if you frowne, a wretch your ſeruaunt is.

The third Epiſtle.

Laſt with ſtrange doubts more pains your frend (abideth
Good *Phillis* auſwere theſe my growning feares,
Let that ſweet voice which yet your pittie hideth,
Pronounce the end of all my beggin teares.
But if ſome ſhame (for modeſt you werr euer)
With hold thoſe words which loue to me doth owe

Then may you write, for paper blusheth neuer,
And trust me well, there no man shall it know.

Stand not vpon your ouer curious writing,
When letters leape each other, I can spell it;
Neither do I desire your choise inditing,
For loue seemes best, if plainely we do tell it.

When halfe abasht, and stutting in my speach;
My trembling hand, deliuered you my writte:
When wanton eies your mercy did beseech,
And euery parte bewraid a louers fit.

I mused to see your countenance changed so,
Flashing quick passions with a sudden grace:
And white, and red so ofte come and go,
As if deepe thoughts, were written in your face.

So haue I seene, the moone eclipsed wade,
When shadowy earth from *Phœbus* hir deuideth:
Now meetely light, and now that light do fade,
Now peeping forth, and now her selfe she hideth.

Which made me think, some other sun you had,
And *Fastulone*, or *Cornideu* was he,
I doubted least my shaddow made you sad,
For plaine it was this change did come from me.

Nor durst I hope (though hope well pleasd my mind
That now affection, wrought this new aspect
And

And though I long'd to see you proue so kind,
Yet did I feare some other worse effect.

And euen this feare a wretch *Amintas* maketh,
Whilst stormy motions, in my thoughts arise:
Whilst sending loue, each action still mistaketh,
Striuing in kindnesse, all things to comprise.

Oh happie, if *Amintas* you esteemed,
Or if I could not see my selfe deceiued:
But what blind eies, your fauor wold haue deemd,
Where my small guifts, so hardly were receaued.

Mad Tigers yeald, with vowes & praiers tamed
But feruent zeale, is neither strange nor nice:
That proud disdaine, that Rustik loue is named,
Which only yealds, to mercenary price.

Loue would not make your fainting hād so slack,
To take the verses, your *Amintas* brought you:
It was not loue, that turnd away your back,
When them to read, I earnestly besought you,

You need not feare, the murmur of my muse,
An vnpoluted hand, a pen more iust:
A mind which knowes no fraud, nor none wil vse,
Did draw the modell, which you so mistrust.

Not *Venus* sonne, nor any lusting spirit,
Do hale me on, to thinke one wicked thought:

My loue is new and growes from your demerit,
As pure as gold that finers fire hath wrought.

And yet at firſt, I did my ſelfe miſtake it,
For (truth to ſpeake) I thought it *Cupids* fire:
And therefore did *I* wraſtle to forſake it,
For neuer could *I* like of foule deſire.

But now by holy triall I do find,
That mine and that, are eaſelie knowne a ſunder:
They diſagree in habite, and in kind, (der.
To ſee their difference you perhaps would won-

Of *Mars*, and *Venus*, that the Baſtard is,
This is of vertue, only ſon and heire:
That knowne to moſt, but few haue met with this,
That blacks our ſouls, but this doth make thē faire.

He flies with wings and ioies in falſe deſignes,
This louing truth on milk wight ſteed is mounted,
Starke naked he doth ſhew his ſin by ſignes,
This vſeth clothes leaſt lewd he were accompted.

With pitch-black ſcarfe he vales his cruel eies,
To ſhew how guiltles men he leades aſtray:
Quicke ſighted this each dangerous doubt eſpies,
And by iuſt lawes all actions well doth weigh.

Two arrowes *Cupid* in his left hand weareth,
Two arrowes my loue in like ſort doth carry:

And

And in their right hand each a fire brand beareth,
Yet ſhaftes and brands in their effects do varie.

His torch doth only ſmoake to ſmother wit,
The other cleerely flames with ſacred fire:
His poiſoned arrowes feſter where they hit,
Theſe do but prick vs with a chaſte deſire.

Our bondage he by words & deeds procureth,
Yea ſuch a bondage as few ſlaues do find:
But this with ſweete content our hope inureth,
Bleſſing with quiet the obaieng mind.

Such is my loue & ſuch is all his fruits, (bewty:
Euen this was hee which praiſd your matchles
This firſt aduiſd me to commence my ſutes,
This taught me firſt a faithfull louers dewty.

Good *Phillis* therefore yeald me my requeſt,
Amintas doth not loue as you ſuppoſed:
And *Fauſtulus* ſings *Flora* for his beſt,
His flocks within hir pinfold he hath cloſed.

Phillis I ſing, on her are all my notes,
My ſheepe none other fellowſhip will take:
Mad *Corridon* do buz on clowniſh otes,
As balde a verſe as any lob can make.

But wanton nimphs the ſatires and the fairies,
My ſeuen ſtopt pipe (as ſweet as mirmaides voice: